

FOX HUNT

The fox that stalks meadow mice
along the edge of the field walks
with the nice precision of
the proverbial Indian hunter.
Each foot falls neatly before
the last as if his path
were a tightrope stretched
from stump to hummock to stone
and on past the wall gap to cross
with professional indifference
to danger and a dash of showmanship
the void of mown grass.
All this imprinted exactly
with paws no bigger than a cat's
following one after the other.
Now a sharp diversion to the right.
Ten steps. A leap with all four feet
pinning the squirming mouse below.
A return to the line of travel
so there seems a single set of tracks.
Thus he writes his pronoun
and dots the "i" with blood
nuzzled in the clean snow.

JOHN'S GOATS

I see by the paper John Stevens
wants to sell those goats of his.

Well, that's allright. They're good enough
goats, I guess. Mostly Nubian, it says.

That may be -- about the goats, I mean --
but it makes me wonder about History.

I wonder why he wants to sell those goats.
He only bought them in July.

This fellow wrote, we study History
so we won't repeat all those past mistakes.

Well, I guess everybody has to learn
about goats for themselves -- everytime.

A good idea may not apply to goats.

-- Robert M. Chute

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